

FREEDOM

'For my part, I have sworn fidelity to my work of demolition, and I will not cease to pursue the truth through the ruins and rubbish.'

P.-J. PROUDHON

In this Issue :

TOULOUSE LAUTREC

GUIDANCE IS GOOD FOR YOU

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MARCH 11 1961 Vol 22 No 9

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY - 4d.

KENNEDY'S PEACE CORPS

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Life in the corps will not be easy. There will be no salary, and allowances will be at a level sufficient only to maintain health and meet basic needs. They will be expected to work and live alongside the nationals of the country in which they are stationed—doing the same work, eating the same food, talking the same language.

"But if the life will not be easy, it will be rich and satisfying, for every young American who participates in the peace corps, who works in a foreign land, will know that he or she is sharing in the great common task of bringing to man that decent way of life which is the foundation of freedom and a condition of peace."

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We know that we shall be criticised for our "intransigence" and "dogmatic" approach by some readers who are desperately looking for signs that some governments are better than others! And we can imagine that their argument will run along these lines: "Is there not enough to criticise governments about already without attacking them when they support initiatives which we can all approve of? Or is FREEDOM opposed to the idea of a peace corps?" The answer is simply that of course we approve of the idea of a peace corps but that we are opposed to such initiatives emanating from, being controlled by, or under the aegis of, governments! Firstly, because as anarchists we seek to influence the

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Whether his peace corps is designed as an instrument of diplomacy and propaganda or not, the fact remains that it is in this light that it will be judged and to our minds, should be judged. For those who have been bewitched by this starry-eyed "idealist" who now occupies the White House, the proposed peace corps—for which he has already signed an order for its establishment on a temporary basis, and has sent a message to Congress authorising it on a permanent basis—will add to the myth that things have really changed in the Administration. But such initiatives are merely the sugar to cover the bitter

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In connection with the latter we are reminded of a question put to us last week by an American reader who criticised our position on the Congo. At one point he stated and asked (FREEDOM, March 4):

This brings me to an issue which transcends the Congo question. It is the question of the anarchist attitude toward international organisations. In the past FREEDOM has apparently approved

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One issue that has been occupying the minds of the liberal press in the last few weeks is whether South Africa should be expelled from the Commonwealth or not. On Wednesday this week the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference opens and according to the *Observer* (5/3/61) in an editorial: "South Africa's continuing membership and the future of the Central African Federation raise problems of the Commonwealth's future role in Africa, and perhaps of the Commonwealth itself." It ends this editorial by writing with the seriousness that this paper exhibits so pompously: "The

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What you thought about ANARCHY-1

Many thanks for an excellent first copy, and please accept my very best wishes for the success of the new venture—

—E.M., Forest Gate, E.7.

I like it very much—P.J.P., Shoreham-by-Sea

Heartiest congratulations on ANARCHY 1. I look forward to your next issue—R.H., Petersfield

I wish it every success—S.M., Glasgow

I admired it very much for it gets beyond all the surfaces that are presented to us, and tells of what is real—C.MacI., London, W.1.

May I congratulate you on the first number of ANARCHY, which I thought very good—P.P., Reading

I like the drawing on the cover very much—S.B., Basildon

Congratulations on being able to bring out a second anarchist paper—J. H., Manchester

I like ANARCHY 1 and am all in favour of the suggested scheme—H.D., Meirionyd

I think the first issue is most successful and I would like to congratulate all concerned—D.G., Bexleyheath

What we plan for ANARCHY-2

A symposium on Workers' Control including an introduction: Looking for a Movement and articles on the approach to industrial democracy by Geoffrey Ostergaard, the gang system in Coventry by Reg Wright, workers' control in the building industry by James Lynch, and aspects of syndicalism in Spain, Sweden and America by Philip Holgate.

ANARCHY is published (price 1/6) on the last Saturday of each month. For subscription rates, see back page.



London Anti-Po

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London Anarchists in Anti-Polaris Demonstration

MEMBERS of the London Anarchist Group were among the demonstrators against the arrival in Scotland of the *Proteus*—supply ship for the Polaris-bearing submarines that are to be based in the Holy Loch. The Associated Press photo above was printed in the *Daily Mirror* (circulation nearly 5 million) in a feature headed 'Ship with a Cargo of Death'. It shows members of the LAG pausing for a snack while building a raft on which to attempt their obstruction of the *Proteus*.

They are, left to right: Harry Smith, Laurens Otter, John Beaumont and Ken Morse.

As a result of these actions, these comrades have been arrested and are now out on bail awaiting trial. They are hard up and badly in need of financial help. All readers who would like to help them are invited to send what they can afford to: John Beaumont or Ken Morse, c/o Strone Post Office, Strone, Nr. Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Toulouse Lautrec at the Tate

SHED NO SAD TEARS

THE crocodile queue shedding crocodile tears for the misunderstood talent of yesteryear has now become a familiar London landmark and the Tate Gallery may even yet become a rival to Lenin's Tomb as a centre of maudlin adulation; for the Arts Council Resurrection men are "digging" from success to success and the press photographs of the silent columns winding up the steps of the Tate is their proof that they have again hit the Treble Chance. The present exhibition is of a limited number of works by Henri-Marie-Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa and is both an exciting and a disappointing occasion. Disappointing in that the ninety works on display come only from the Albi Gallery or from hastily borrowed odds and ends so that many familiar works are missing and exciting in that we who have been fed for years on the perversions of glossy reproductions are now

able to see the rough brush strokes upon the raw cardboard.

Edouard Julien the Director of the Musée Toulouse-Lautrec in Albi has penned the introduction to the catalogue and he evidently felt that it was his duty to show the present London rubbernecks how sensitive, broadminded and understanding they were compared to the hicks that trod the stones of the Town when Toulouse-Lautrec personally opened his own exhibition at the Groupil Gallery at 5 Regent Street, on May the 2nd, 1898 for, cried Edouard Julien, "The exhibition met with no appreciative response." And to show how dumb the natives were, Julien gives us the following quotation from the *Star* critic's write-up—and I quote Edouard Julien in full, "The *Star* said: 'This continual insistence on ugliness, vulgarity and eccentricity, this painting of the same people again and again is really monstrous.' I checked up the relevant passage and far from this being the case of some gormless critic knocking new talent, he had merely stated his dislike of the subject matter but at the same time gave full credit to the artist for his execution of it. For, what the smug Director of the Albi gallery omitted to print in his introduction to the Tate catalogue, was, that the *Star* critic in 1898 also wrote in the same review, "For sheer brilliancy of handling, for wonderful technical ability, the Lautrec (sic) show at Groupil's should be visited."

If the Tate catalogue goes into a second edition I would suggest that the smooth gentlemen of the Arts Council reword their choice of quotations from the *Star* critic of 1898 and cease to bolster up an unnecessary case through smearing a dead writer by using snide quotes from what was an honest appraisal of a then current exhibition. The answer is of course that they won't and this deliberate distortion of another man's opinion will give many a liberal-minded philistine a gay giggle as he broadmindedly smut hunts.

For let us shed no sad tears for Toulouse. This cripple possessed wealth, wit and talent and when he drank himself into the grave at the age of thirty-seven it was to be the end of a short, a full and a happy life, and one can only have admiration and envy for any man who could afford to take up lodgings in a fashionable brothel. Here was a man who was honoured in his own lifetime for the brilliance and wit of his draughtsmanship, a man who was the privileged pet of the society he sought and paid this debt by giving his associates a minor immortality. For unlike the English artists Toulouse never moralised neither did he jeer like the German artists, but simply recorded everything with a gallic wit and a kindly eye be they prostitute or ponce or passing bourgeoisie. With his paintings Toulouse had no time for backgrounds and the vast aching spaces that lay within the bold and flowing crayon lines. This is shown time and again in this exhibition for on

like as not left unfinished as though the draughtsman could not bother to act the painter for Toulouse always regarded his loaded brush as a coloured crayon and used it as such and when he sat down to paint a "serious" painting the effect is leaden and pedestrian. Here is his talented juvenilia on show with the sombre oil, painted just before he died, the ink drawing of the "Ballet of the Flowers" as gay as a Phil May and a lovely "seated nude" of soft greys merging into tender pinks painted when the artist was eighteen.

What is missing from this exhibition are such paintings as "La Visite" in the Chester Dale Collection in America with the two semi-naked prostitutes waiting their turn to be inspected for signs of venereal infection or the series of paintings and drawings of lesbians. There is one in the Gallimard collection in Paris, M. Julien, sketched in the Lesbian restaurant La Souris in the old Rue Bréda, or the gay pornography of "Dans le Monde". If any of these had been included in this exhibition M. Julien might not have been so smug in his introduction, meanwhile we can only hope that the Arts Council will alter this distortion of what a dead critic meant, for to quote again that which M. Julien failed to quote: "For sheer brilliancy of handling, for wonderful technical ability, the Lautrec show at should be visited" the *Star* critic the tenth of May, 1898.

Round the Galleries

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brilliance of handling, for wonderful technical ability, the Lantrec (sic) show at Groupil's should be visited."

If the Tate catalogue goes into a second edition I would suggest that the smooth gentlemen of the Arts Council reword their choice of quotations from the *Star* critic of 1898 and cease to bolster up an unnecessary case through smearing a dead writer by using snide quotes from what was an honest appraisal of a then current exhibition. The answer is of course that they won't and this deliberate distortion of another man's opinion will give many a liberal-minded philistine a gay giggle as he broadmindedly smut hunts.

For let us shed no sad tears for Toulouse. This cripple possessed wealth, wit and talent and when he drank himself into the grave at the age of thirty-seven it was to be the end of a short, a full and a happy life, and one can only have admiration and envy for any man who could afford to take up lodgings in a fashionable brothel. Here was a man who was honoured in his own lifetime for the brilliance and wit of his draughtsmanship, a man who was the privileged pet of the society he sought and paid this debt by giving his associates a minor immortality. For unlike the English artists Toulouse never moralised neither did he jeer like the German artists, but simply recorded everything with a gallic wit and a kindly eye be they prostitute or ponce or passing bourgeoisie. With his paintings Toulouse had no time for backgrounds and the vast aching spaces that lay within the bold and flowing crayon lines. This is shown time and again in this exhibition for on numerous occasions backgrounds are sketched in or completely omitted and the broad mass of foreground colours are slapped on in one single tone and as

The University Libertarian

IT seems very likely that the *University Libertarian* is quietly dying. This is a final appeal for this periodical, if there is no response it will be the end.

Nicolas Walter, who with his grandfather's assistance, has produced the last two issues of the *University Libertarian*, is not prepared to carry on producing the magazine but he has agreed that if there are people willing and able to take over publication they are welcome to do so.

The trouble at the moment is that some of us are very willing but not able to take over, there are about half-a-dozen students of libertarian views who I know of but none of us has any cash for the U.L. project. It takes £55 to produce one issue and this letter is quite simply asking anyone—preferably a student—who has a bit of cash and who believes such a magazine should continue to emanate from the universities of this country, to let me know.

R. J. WESTALL,
16 Ainthorpe Grove,
Derringham Bank, Hull.

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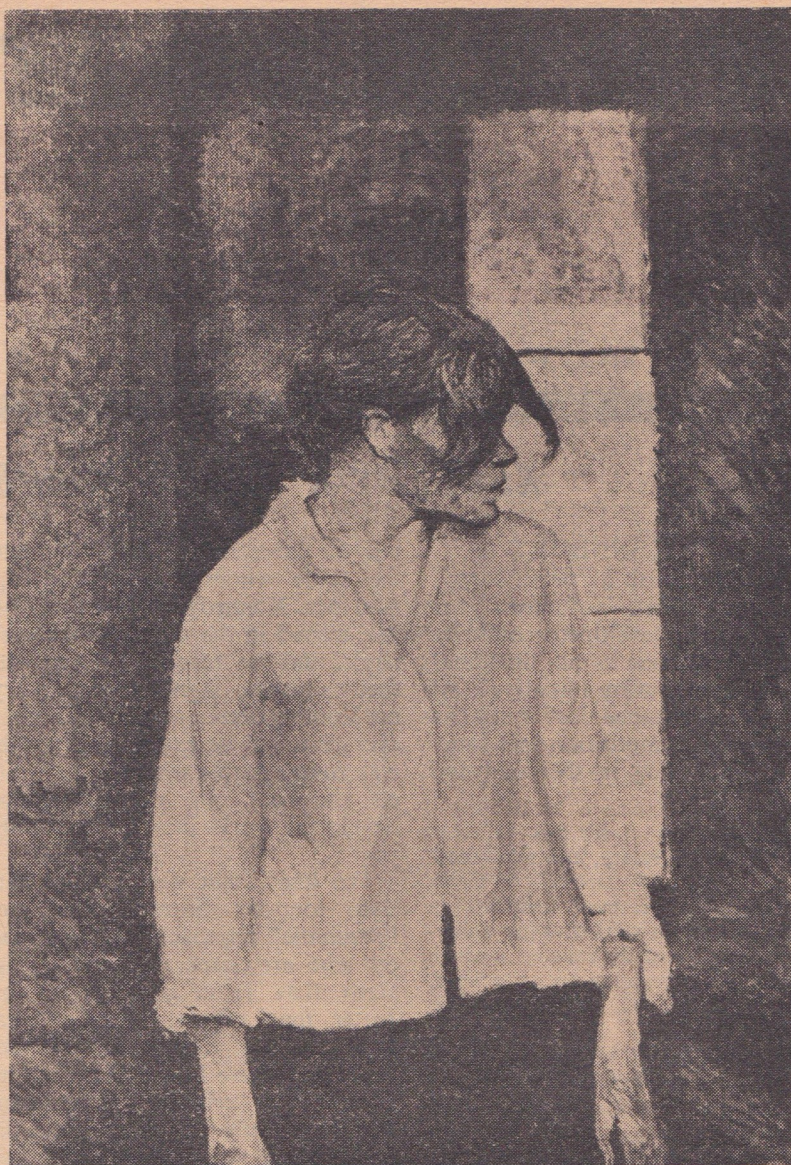
like as not left unfinished as though the draughtsman could not bother to act the painter for Toulouse always regarded his loaded brush as a coloured crayon and used it as such and when he sat down to paint a "serious" painting the effect is leaden and pedestrian. Here is his talented juvenilia on show with the sombre oil, painted just before he died, the ink drawing of the "Ballet of the Flowers" as gay as a Phil May and a lovely "seated nude" of soft greys merging into tender pinks painted when the artist was eighteen.

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The Lautrec show at the Tate Gallery ends on March 15

George Street, W.1. states that when he left the small canvases for the big canvases and the big time "I shook myself like a dog coming out of water", but it would seem to one jaundiced eye that instead of painting small bad paintings he is now painting large bad paintings. The Arthur Jeffress Gallery at 28 Davies Street, W.1. are showing the drawings of Mary Talbot and these lovely drawings have the sweet decadence of the uncommitted thirties, for amid a profusion of birds and flowers drawn with the finest of pen strokes there appears like into a metallic mould growing through the paper the faces of dim but beautiful people. While at the New Vision Gallery at 4 Seymour Place, W.1., Giulio Tur-

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saying that the government knows best what is good for Masran but Byrne needed by lack of office (or hoping to blackmail P.M.?), resolves to go through with the question. Fate, in the personable shape of Mary Peach as Pauline intervenes and the conspirators lose their plot, the Empire is saved by the Labour Party, and the film loses its 'A' certificate to the gain at the box office.

Donald Pleasance, looking more like D. N. Pritt than is really tactful, is furious and with well-known Communist thoroughness turns the local party against the member. He is recalled to Heckmondwitesedge (or wherever it is) and faces a stormy party meeting for his betrayal of Masran and the neglect of his constituency. The vote of no confidence is modified into a sentence of probation. Johnny literally can't stomach this, he throws up and goes off Pauline-hunting—she having meanwhile given him the air on the specious pretext of wanting to raise a family. He finds Pauline and makes what may be thought by some to be a Great Renunciation and returns to Westminster.

He makes tentative approaches to the Girl from Upstairs but before he can finalize them a new Alice (his wife) returns, having deserted the Communist Party and adopted a new hair-do. He is on the verge of starting All Over Again with Alice when the P.M. summons him. He is coming into the office when a cabinet-minister is going out. We are treated to a homily on how the Good Men in politics always die young and

the departing minister is going away to die of cancer. Johnnie is to be Assistant Postmaster-General in the reshuffle and as an afterthought he is informed that it is only because he is now leaving his Communist wife that he can be considered for office. Johnnie takes his seat on the front bench at question-time and contemptuously listens with feet up on the rail to a member's question. Reconciliation with Alice is now forgotten.

Put like this the story sounds silly and the film succeeds in making it sound sillier despite Peter Finch's performance, but behind all this there is the real problem of political idealism in conflict with power and ambition, and the cinema moving reluctantly into adulthood is examining the problem in the gauche adolescent fumbling way.

Behind the film is the novel of a man's experience which has the ring of truth. Fienburgh's death probably saved him from the ultimate cynicism of the Byrnes of politics but what of this assessment in the novel?

"... the House of Commons, the unpredictable, cruel destroyer of self-esteem. Six hundred and twenty-five egocentrics all locked up in their own ambitions, disappointments and success. Six hundred and twenty-five politicians each deluding himself that the other 624 revolved around him until, every so often, came the uncomfortable understanding that you were a mere part of the scenery and that everyone was the centre of his own world".

J.R.

FREEDOM

March 11 1961 Vol 22 No 9

Kennedy's Peace Corps

Continued from page 1

have advanced, but by exploiting the favourable climate created by the publicity which will undoubtedly be given to Kennedy's proposals by the organs of mass communications, to strengthen existing, and truly voluntary, organisations, as well as promoting the creation of others. After all, Mr. Kennedy aims at sending only 500 trained men and women by the end of the year, which in terms of the *needs* is no more than a symbolic gesture . . . or a valuable piece of American propaganda on the cheap!

★

WE must seek to prevent governments from exploiting the idealism and goodwill of young people for their own ends, but at the same time must not put ourselves in the position of advocating a non-co-operation with governments which, if successful, would deprive the people of "under-developed" countries from any assistance which would improve their day-to-day lives, whatever the source from which this assistance comes.

When governments take an initiative they have the knack of suggesting to the mass-mind that what they propose is original and imaginative—and this is understandable since they are all the time trying to persuade us that they are super-men who know better than we do what is good for us!—whereas, in fact, all they are doing is following in the wake of pioneers and reformers, long dead and buried, but whose teachings and example have been assimilated and sometimes acted upon by "cranks and idealists" without the rubber stamp of government or political considerations. Forty years ago Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss engineer, founded the work camp movement, the *Service Civil International*, which to this day functions—in Britain as the International Voluntary Service (72 Oakley Sq., London, N.W.1)—and has in the last few years organised working parties in Russia, Poland and other

people need is knowledge, expertise, without the "ifs" and "buts" of politicians and missionaries. The possibility of making up an international team representative of the skills and techniques required could be more easily found among anarchists who are, on the whole, less concerned with careerism, less conformist to the patterns of family, "roots" and status than most people. And though dismissed as dreamers by the political left, anarchists seem to enjoy a universal respect for their integrity, even by those who do not share what they refer to as the anarchists "optimism", an important consideration in raising the necessary funds.

★

YES, we are launching a kite into the unorganised wind of international anarchist opinion! Are there craftsmen, doctors, nurses, agronomists, educationists, engineers and other skilled workers among us willing to work in a team, where our knowledge and expertise will benefit those who need it most, and where our reward will be expressed in terms not of bigger refrigerators, bigger Tellies, more wives or bigger incomes, but in the awareness that the specialised knowledge we have acquired has served to bring a little happiness to some less favoured fellow beings?

Mr. Kennedy, obviously well advised even in his millionaire's ivory tower, declared that those who joined his "peace corps" would not have an easy life, but that it would be rich, for they would know that they were sharing "in the great common task of bringing to man that decent way of life which is the foundation of freedom and a condition of peace".

★

IT is understandable that the youth of the world may only believe what Mr. Kennedy says when he gives up being a millionaire and lives like one of them! But what he says is right. The example he sets is wrong, and for this very

AT the beginning of February there appeared in several newspapers a full-page advertisement headed THE HOUR IS LATE, HERE IS THE ANSWER, FOR GOD'S SAKE, WAKE UP! This advertisement was issued by Moral Rearmament from its Mayfair headquarters. Prior to this in 1959 there was a house-to-house distribution in Great Britain of a physically substantial 32-page booklet called *Ideology and Co-existence*. This was done at a cost of thousands of pounds. Last Thursday the MRA film *The Crowning Experience* opened in Leicester Square.

The advertisement was politely criticised by the *Observer* who, in their dedication to freedom of expression conceded the democratic right of anybody who could pay for a full page to have it. *Ideology and Co-existence* received sustained criticism in the *Guardian*; *The Crowning Experience* is severely criticised in the *Observer* and according to Tom Driberg in *Reynold's News* (26/2/61) MRA have declined to meet for a discussion of their beliefs in ITV's programme 'About Religion'. To crown all this experience there have been endorsements for MRA by famous sportsmen which have been spoiled by Bryn Meredith, Welsh rugby star, repudiating his endorsement.

All this publicity, some paid for, and some not, is mother's milk to MRA. They have always thrived on it and would rather be snubbed than ignored.

The simplest left-wing explanation of MRA is the usual, quite untrue one that it is a conspiracy by the capitalist classes to wreck strikes and divert the working class, by means of the opiate of religion, from the class struggle. MRA thrives on its position as an implacable foe of Communism but the truth is more complex, indeed as complex as the history and doctrine of Moral Rearmament.

* * *

Frank Buchman is the originator of what is now known as Moral Rearmament (previously it had been called 'Buchmanism' but this practice was severely discouraged since the cult of the leader was dangerous). Buchman was born in 1878 in Pennsylvania of Swiss descent and he became a Lutheran minister. He had some difference with the trustees of a settlement house for poor boys (his biographers claim it was because the trustees insisted on reducing the boys' rations).

He visited England and went to Kes-

Guid good

wick where there is held a convention which is of revivalism and gentleness have profoundly moved I wandered into a country a woman was speaking of the Cross (this distress indeed a fine contempt for all MRA literature first time in his life he felt Christ as an inward reality

He felt so moved by that he wrote letters to trustees of the settlement no response but doubtless morally superior and of detergent effects of confession this idea of confession in Cambridge where he carried on a campaign of personal evangelism he 'changed the life' of one graduate, at least.

On his return to America YMCA secretary at an college, and started his "Christian Fellowship" and of Alva Johnson in a New file 'perfected himself in extracting confessions from

For some rather insipid Buchman attended the 1911 armament Conference where he have acquired the taste for expressions and association of personnel which seems to with him ever since.

Buchman carried on with evangelism in the universities, parties, which are orgies and 'sharing', began to University life. At this time ers were known as Buch

In 1928 the groups Africa (with what results today). It was there it were christened by a The team all came from usually the porter said "Wage of the Oxford group

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY, by H. S. Turner, Michael Joseph, 21s.

AS a student teacher a few years ago, I came into chance contact with Lollard Adventure Playground in Lambeth and during the following vacations was able to absorb something of the set-up enabling the existence of such a vital atmosphere.

Sadly, it has now closed, the ground being needed for a new school, but in

Play

to cook (in Oxo tin utensils were hammers and nails and a good source of fire fruit stalls in the Walk.

After the establishment of the Garden Committee, and pansies far sweeter to professionals on the stalls and other vegetable deliveries of fresh food

idealism and goodwill of young people for their own ends, but at the same time must not put ourselves in the position of advocating a non-co-operation with governments which, if successful, would deprive the people of "under-developed" countries from any assistance which would improve their day-to-day lives, whatever the source from which this assistance comes.

When governments take an initiative they have the knack of suggesting to the mass-mind that what they propose is original and imaginative—and this is understandable since they are all the time trying to persuade us that they are super-men who know better than we do what is good for us!—whereas, in fact, all they are doing is following in the wake of pioneers and reformers, long dead and buried, but whose teachings and example have been assimilated and sometimes acted upon by "cranks and idealists" without the rubber stamp of government or political considerations. Forty years ago Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss engineer, founded the work camp movement, the *Service Civil International*, which to this day functions—in Britain as the International Voluntary Service (72 Oakley Sq., London, N.W.1)—and has in the last few years organised working parties in Russia, Poland and other countries on both sides of the "iron curtain", composed of individuals of every nationality and of every political creed, including anarchists.† It is true that what the under-developed countries require are not unskilled enthusiasts who can only give their holidays to such work, but skilled technicians who will devote a year, two years if need be, to the task of organising, as well as training others on the spot, to take over when they leave. But is that an impossible task *without* the approval of government agencies?

★

WE are always recognising with Herbert Read that "we had no power, therefore had patience§ but on this question of "peace corps" it seems to us that the anarchists possess the *potential* to organise an international team of volunteers willing and ready to give something to the people of the under-developed countries which no other group of individuals can give. What these

§"Postscript to Prosperity" FREEDOM, March 1, 1952, *Selections from 'Freedom'* Volume 2, 1952, pp. 1-3.

†Our Italian contemporary *Volonta* devoted 40 of its 64 pages (December 1958) to an article by our comrade Virgilio Galassi on his experiences in an IVS work camp in Russia, and again in 1959 (October) to his experiences in Morocco and in 1960 (December) to an account of a month he spent with a working party of the S.C.I. in Poland.

YES, we are launching a kite into the unorganised wind of international anarchist opinion! Are there craftsmen, doctors, nurses, agronomists, educationists, engineers and other skilled workers among us willing to work in a team, where our knowledge and expertise will benefit those who need it most, and where our reward will be expressed in terms not of bigger refrigerators, bigger Tellies, more wives or bigger incomes, but in the awareness that the specialised knowledge we have acquired has served to bring a little happiness to some less favoured fellow beings?

Mr. Kennedy, obviously well advised even in his millionaire's ivory tower, declared that those who joined his "peace corps" would not have an easy life, but that it would be rich, for they would know that they were sharing "in the great common task of bringing to man that decent way of life which is the foundation of freedom and a condition of peace".

★

IT is understandable that the youth of the world may only believe what Mr. Kennedy says when he gives up being a millionaire and lives like one of them! But what he says is right. The example he sets is wrong, and for this very reason no young idealist should entrust his life to his keeping. But that we are "our brothers' keepers", that in Africa and Asia the knowledge that has been withheld has become a matter of life and death for a whole generation, there can be no doubt, and perhaps, anarchists could do much to bridge the gap if they thought of themselves less as isolated groups and individuals, and more as members of the only truly international movement in the world today.

Armageddon in miniature

PROTEST IN ARMS, The Irish Troubles, 1916-1923, by Edgar Holt, Putnam, 30s.

ONE must be grateful to Mr. Holt for making so clear the history of the Irish war of independence, and the civil war which followed it. His book is easy reading, clear and simple, and one can now understand who was fighting whom and why.

The story is ghastly enough. The Irish revolt follows the classic pattern, but coming at the end of World War One, and being followed by World War Two, it has tended to be forgotten (except in Ireland!), and to be, when remembered at all, looked upon as a side-show.

Yet every beastly act of the Second World War was already prefigured in the Irish struggle: putting people alive

The simplest left-wing explanation of MRA is the usual, quite untrue one that it is a conspiracy by the capitalist classes to wreck strikes and divert the working class, by means of the opiate of religion, from the class struggle. MRA thrives on its position as an implacable foe of Communism but the truth is more complex, indeed as complex as the history and doctrine of Moral Rearmament.

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Frank Buchman is the originator of what is now known as Moral Rearmament (previously it had been called 'Buchmanism' but this practice was severely discouraged since the cult of the leader was dangerous). Buchman was born in 1878 in Pennsylvania of Swiss descent and he became a Lutheran minister. He had some difference with the trustees of a settlement house for poor boys (his biographers claim it was because the trustees insisted on reducing the boys' rations).

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As the children sensed this was not a place that glared, with threats and unnecessary rules, so they left their dangerous street dodging to come and run and shout, and play real Indians, with real hideouts, and to dig and excavate (the foundations of the bombed school), and make rivers; and most wonderful, to build real camps, and make fires and

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AT the beginning of February there appeared in several newspapers a full-page advertisement headed *THE HOUR IS LATE, HERE IS THE ANSWER, FOR GOD'S SAKE, WAKE UP!* This advertisement was issued by Moral Rearmament from its Mayfair headquarters. Prior to this in 1959 there was a house-to-house distribution in Great Britain of a physically substantial 32-page booklet called *Ideology and Co-existence*. This was done at a cost of thousands of pounds. Last Thursday the MRA film *The Crowning Experience* opened in Leicester Square.

The advertisement was politely criticised by the *Observer* who, in their dedication to freedom of expression conceded the democratic right of anybody who could pay for a full page to have it. *Ideology and Co-existence* received sustained criticism in the *Guardian*; *The Crowning Experience* is severely criticised in the *Observer* and according to Tom Driberg in *Reynold's News* (26/2/61) MRA have declined to meet for a discussion of their beliefs in ITV's programme 'About Religion'. To crown all this experience there have been endorsements for MRA by famous sportsmen which have been spoiled by Bryn Meredith, Welsh rugby star, repudiating his endorsement.

All this publicity, some paid for, and some not, is mother's milk to MRA. They have always thrived on it and would rather be snubbed than ignored.

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Guidance is good for you

wick where there is held yearly a religious convention which is a combination of revivalism and gentility. It must have profoundly moved Buchman for he wandered into a country church where a woman was speaking on some aspect of the Cross (this distressing vagueness, indeed a fine contempt for facts, is typical of all MRA literature) then "for the first time in his life he felt the power of Christ as an inward reality".

He felt so moved by this experience that he wrote letters apologising to the trustees of the settlement. They made no response but doubtless Buchman felt morally superior and cleansed by the detergent effects of confession. He took this idea of confession or 'sharing' to Cambridge where he carried on his campaign of personal evangelism. There he 'changed the life' of one young undergraduate, at least.

On his return to America he became YMCA secretary at an American State college, and started his "First Century Christian Fellowship" and in the words of Alva Johnson in a *New Yorker* profile 'perfected himself in the great art of extracting confessions from adolescents'.

For some rather inscrutable reason Buchman attended the 1921 Naval Disarmament Conference where he must have acquired the taste for military expressions and association with military personnel which seems to have remained with him ever since.

Buchman carried on with personal evangelism in the universities, and 'house-parties', which are orgies of confession and 'sharing', began to be a feature of University life. At this time his followers were known as Buchmanites.

In 1928 the groups visited South Africa (with what results can be observed today). It was there it was said they were christened by a railway porter. The team all came from Oxford so naturally the porter said "Where is the luggage of the Oxford group?" Hence the

name.

In 1933 the centenary celebrations of the Oxford Movement took place in Oxford. This was an evangelistic movement by Pusey, Newman and Keble. In 1933 there took place at Oxford the Assembly of the Oxford Group.

The movement evolved from a tent-show revivalism of the Billy Sunday, Elmer Gantry type to totemistic muscular Christianity with a philosophy of 'be kind'. This was not enough.

In 1938 the movement emerged streamlined as Moral Rearmament. This coincided with the re-armament programme of the Chamberlain government and was an attempt to throw overboard the Oxford Group taint of pacifism and pro-Nazism. These two accusations have dogged the movement for some time and their repudiation has involved some strenuous re-appraisals and re-writings of history. Fortunately the Gestapo in 1942 provided a report (discovered during the German retreat in 1945) which revealed the Oxford Group as anti-National Socialism.

Now there can be no doubt that Moral Rearmament is not a religion, nor a political party, but an ideology which is firmly opposed to Communism—indeed it provides the *only* alternative. To quote the words of William Penn (that well-known Quaker, internationalist and believer in co-existence with the treacherous Red Indians and, incidentally, a co-citizen of Philadelphia with Frank Buchman), "Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants". This quotation appears *ad nauseam* in MRA's battle-cries, for they firmly believe in the advertisers slogan "repetition is reputation", and the meek Quakers 'who live by the life that takes away all occasion for wars', seem to put on the full armour of Buchman.

(To be continued)

JACK ROBINSON.

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After the establishment of grass, came the Garden Committee, with marigolds and pansies far sweeter than those floral professionals on the stalls! And potatoes and other vegetables to add to the deliveries of firewood to the old people.

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As young people they came after work, to chat and confide, to hairdress, or to "just jive"; or maybe to join a work party redecorating an old age pensioner's room; or to just watch, not yet sure—but always to BELONG. For

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to cook (in Oxo tin utensils) . . . There were hammers and nails and pickaxes, and a good source of firewood from the fruit stalls in the Walk.

After the establishment of grass, came the Garden Committee, with marigolds and pansies far sweeter than those floral professionals on the stalls! And potatoes and other vegetables to add to the deliveries of firewood to the old people.

This living thing was never static, but grew and was always changing, breathing; alive—and *allowed* to be by its backbone, a Voluntary Association formed to run the first Adventure Playground in this country, a bold experiment in practical answer to realisations

of the particular uselessness to these children of the choice between asphalt and swings and youth clubs that "preach"—

As young people they came after work, to chat and confide, to hairdress, or to "just jive"; or maybe to join a work party redecorating an old age pensioner's room; or to just watch, not yet sure—but always to BELONG. For here had grown roots.

Such a centre of existence needs not to preach or use timetables with imposing names that only frighten away.

As the contemporary toddlers in the sand-pit would, these youngsters had become part of the Playground when they were Red Indians, and when they had brought "their babies" with them while Mum was at work. They have grown up within it.

To the sophistication of make-up and grooming and jiving; and to sometimes finding within surprise the pleasure in doing something positive and creative by helping other people in their close-knit community.

Because the children did not grow out of the Playground, the Playground fulfilled and outgrew its own name, growing with them and overflowing into something unique and free.

This was what the indignant passer-by missed when he declared the "eyesore" to be worse than the hitherto naked bombed-site.

But Mr. Turner's book is much more than an entertaining panorama of an intriguingly exploited bombed-site. It is interwoven with practical observations, which are the invaluable fruit of his insight and wisdom and warm understanding of children, especially these children, and their families and neighbours, often living an hour by hour life of HP.

I recommend everyone in any way involved with human nature and now contaminating education to read this book.

The photographs by Michael Peto are superb. S.B.

London in miniature

MS, *The Irish*
23, by Edgar

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into furnaces, shaving women's heads, shooting hostages, torturing prisoners, destroying towns and villages.

Does it matter which side was responsible for which barbarities? What is one to say of some of the assassinations, when no one knows to this day if they were carried out by I.R.A. men disguised as Black and Tans, or Black and Tans out of uniform, trying to look like I.R.A.?

For the humanitarian, it cannot be too often repeated, there can be no choice in the case even of wars of independence. There are no "sides" to be taken.

In these wars the mass of the population always tends, however sympathetic they may be to the rebels, towards a certain "apathy", which is really a desire to go on with everyday life, under what-

ever régime. This means that if you are going to drive out the foreign oppressor, you have to fight two wars simultaneously, one against the foreigner and one against your own people, who have to be effectively terrorised, so that they fear you more than the enemy. Ireland, Kenya, Cyprus, Algeria, it is all the same.

It is difficult to disagree with Mr. Holt when he says of the Irish victory that it was essentially not a military one, but one of public opinion, and adds, "... it must always be debatable whether this could not have been more quickly achieved by an ordered programme of civil disobedience and peaceful non-co-operation towards the British authorities than by the long campaign of violence and destruction."

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

BOOK REVIEWS

MAU MAU NO RANK-AND-FILE MOVEMENT

I am sorry to have to disagree with R.J.W. whose writings on Africa generally, as far as I am capable of judging, appear well-informed, sane and usually anarchist. However, when he refers to Mau Mau as a rank-and-file movement (FREEDOM, Feb. 18), I must take him up.

I went to Kenya in 1953 and was then no pacifist—and I went believing the Mau Mau to be a valid, independent movement militantly fighting Colonialism; thus I went supporting it—though prepared to be critical on Libertarian and egalitarian grounds.

It was in fact, I found, highly authoritarian both in the structure of its militia and in its administration of those areas in the forest clearings that were under its undisturbed control. To my surprise one of the attacks on the British was on the quite fantastic grounds (unfortunately) that we were trying to introduce socialism thereby upsetting their traditional property relationships. This allegation was based on the fact that the administration did to a very limited and quite insufficient extent advocate co-operative farming or farm marketing.

Anyone who has read Jomo

Kenyatta's "Facing Mount Kenya" knows that he has abandoned his previous Libertarian socialist views for a mystical, traditionalist tribalism that justifies cloacal and frequently sadistic sex rituals; however those he advocated are as nothing to what Mau Mau practised, so that it was in effect a religious-fascist movement of the worst kind.

Lest anyone attack me for justifying British Imperialism, let me here mention that I nearly got myself shot for objecting to a British atrocity that went on while I was there. (Since I was not then a Pacifist, I did not use non-violent resistance which might have saved some lives though it would have cost mine; this I regret but it does not alter the fact that I did to the limit of my then ability oppose British Imperialism).

Yours fraternally,

Argyllshire, Feb. 25. LAURENS OTTER.
FILM:

THE B.B.C. AND MATT KAVANAGH

DEAR FRIENDS,

I wonder if many of FREEDOM's readers in the South-East of England shared the pleasure of hearing the B.B.C. give oblique recognition on Thursday evening to our beloved Matt Kavanagh?

LETTERS

Sub-consciously absorbing a background noise of "local" feature items in the programme! *In the South East* one ear was drawn into range on the announcement that we were about to hear the reminiscences of Mr. Raphael who had been an open-air orator thirty years ago in Southend, which struck me as an unlikely enough place. He had been inducted into public speaking, he said—and the fork stopped half-way to my mouth—by a fiery little Irishman called Matt Kavanagh.

Without mentioning the word anarchism, the speaker, who was a boy of sixteen had opened Matt's meetings, conveyed Matt's unambiguous attitude to government and all governments, and he gave a hint of the skill displayed in getting week after week an attentive audience to listen to what he called Matt's "one set piece".

"Find a friendly face in the crowd

and talk to it," M and "Use the opp— even the other your own meeting if things go wrong force of argument the argument of

This recipe, wh Matt's expert ha with a new cook. when the effects come the urgency the free society, M self alone with t lected, selected h to it in what he Matt's words, v evaporate under ment, and his speaker ended in ender he referred

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But it was go Matt Kavanagh.

London, S.W.6.

Anarchist Notebook

THOSE OF OUR FELLOWS WHO THINK THAT one of the main purposes of science is to devise ways and means of getting places at ever increasing speeds, will be heartened by the announcement that in introducing Vickers Vanguard planes on their Paris service, BEA will manage to cut down the flying time between London and Paris by 15 minutes, as well as having "a good money-making aircraft".

One of the new problems our speed-mad fellow citizens will now have to face is what to do with the 15 minutes saved. Think of all the energy, the time and money that have gone into producing a plane which will save 15 minutes and ask yourself if you feel that you are doing justice to all concerned by spending it lounging in a café watching the world go by!

ONE IS ALWAYS BEING TOLD THAT WHAT- ever one may think of its political line, the *Daily Telegraph* has a news service second to none for accuracy and for factual presentation. Perhaps it is not fair to judge from just an occasional reading of the paper, but the copy I bought recently to see what they had to say about the sit-down demonstration hardly persuaded me that the description was justified. On the sit-down they wrote, in the editorial "In the name of the 'ban the bomb movement', one thousand of them had defied the law by

read the following paragraph:

Whatever the shortcomings and abuses of Portuguese administration, it is inspired by a high ideal expressed at all levels in an easy, unself-conscious friendliness between black and white. Given peace, this spirit could fulfil itself. Given immunity from external influence, Portugal could go steadily forward with her slow, civilising purpose. Given time, she might show the world that she alone possesses the secret of living on in Africa.

But nowhere in this article which admits that the 4 million blacks are still in a state of tutelage and that only some 200,000, including half-castes, rank as full citizens" does the special correspondent mention the, surely, all-important fact, that the Portuguese have been in Angola for the past 500 years! If after so many years the blacks are still "in a state of tutelage" what does he mean when he writes of Portugal going "steadily forward with her slow, civilising purpose"?

FROM A WHOLE SHEAF OF INTERESTING press cuttings sent to us by a reader in Australia, I quote for the time-being two small items both, I think, from the *Herald of Melbourne*. The first reads:

Colleague back from the harbour city tells us that Sydney fruit shops are featuring snap-frozen Californian oranges and grapefruit.

How much? Cheaper than the local fruit.

The second, an editorial comment on China's famine meaning good business for Australian farmers:

A country that, diplomatically, does not exist for us is becoming very useful to our farmers.

Red China's order for 240,000 tons of wheat, raised this week to 300,000 tons, and wanted quickly, will help to dispose of the embarrassingly large harvest that

SUBSCRIBERS ! ! !

EXCEPT for a few readers whose subscriptions are paid so far in advance that we will be old men by the time they expire, and others for whom we still lack information about payments, all readers who are postal subscribers should have by now received subscription reminders. Besides drawing their attention to the position of their subscriptions these reminders are also a request to them to let us know whether they wish us to send them our new review ANARCHY, which will be appearing on the last Saturday of each month instead of FREEDOM.

A number of forms have the word "FINAL" in the right hand corner. Unless we hear from those readers in the course of this week, the next issue of FREEDOM will be the last they will receive. We are sorry to lose readers but cannot continue to send the paper to

those who have the past year respond to this rers in this predic the end of Marc

When sending please use the thereby save us work.

ALDERMASTON EA

The London like anyone go marches to get 17A Maxwell R FREEDOM, LAG publication any non-marche Square, etc., on be welcome.

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Continued from page 1

Commonwealth itself is facing a crisis that threatens its continued existence. What voices are heeded by London now may determine which countries will wish to continue their membership in the years ahead. We are being closely watched by the younger generation of Asians and

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In that same issue of the *Telegraph* (20/2/61) is an article on Angola by their special correspondent in which we

spired by a high ideal expressed at all levels in an easy, unself-conscious friendliness between black and white. Given peace, this spirit could fulfil itself. Given immunity from external influence, Portugal could go steadily forward with her slow, civilising purpose. Given time, she might show the world that she alone possesses the secret of living on in Africa.

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A country that, diplomatically, does not exist for us is becoming very useful to our farmers.

Red China's order for 240,000 tons of wheat, raised this week to 300,000 tons, and wanted quickly, will help to dispose of the embarrassingly large harvest that is pouring in.

Perhaps Peking would rather have bought it elsewhere if it had been practicable. And perhaps we would rather have sold elsewhere. But the ruinous seasons have made China's need pressing and we were looking for buyers. There was no flag for trade to follow. But politics haven't stood in the way of a big deal.

Which goes to show that business is business the world over, and that capitalist economics is crazy, to say the least.

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Continued from page 1

Commonwealth itself is facing a crisis that threatens its continued existence. What voices are heeded by London now may determine which countries will wish to continue their membership in the years ahead. We are being closely watched by the younger generation of Asians and Africans".

If one turns the pages of the *Observer* to a book review by Richard Hoggart of Paul Goodman's controversial book *Growing up Absurd* there is to be found the following extract: "Their dissatisfaction (of young dissenters) can therefore be the reverse face of a thwarted idealism, a rejection of the creeping spiritual claustrophobia of mass commercialised society—the destruction of what Mr. Goodman calls "the created world": the world of real love, effort, sacrifice, shame, pity, honour—in favour of the unreal world of Public Relations utterances, institutional role-playing and the mish-mash of mass entertainment." Within the pages of this very paper we see just what is meant by the unreal world. The attitude adopted towards the expulsion of South Africa is full of Public Relations utterances, overbounds with institutional role-playing. So let us, few readers of **FREEDOM**, try and face this question with what is left of our honesty and worthiness.

That mis-nomer of the century the "Commonwealth" is the biggest sham, the largest slice of hokum that has taken in the mugs of both posh and gutter press readership. The way Macmillan stands up and talks of the British Empire being transformed into a free Commonwealth family is the largest lump of unadulterated excreta that is imaginable. What we need is a gust of solid disgust at all the rubbish that is passed from one learned academic intellectual to another. We are just about to blow.

A member of the "Commonwealth" (where all wealth is common), South

Africa, has a vast majority o bare existence, misery. It is i and I am sure ing, that if So door of the Co will affect the But, apart fro would hardly a True the loss wealth preferen ing to the Sou will make them wealth is a my agination that i pronouncements essence it does Africa is expe wealth or not, heart to those v in South Africa eyes open do no from abroad. supremacy is e amount of cla change that.

No, to bring South Africa world we live i a shot at Dr. V what happens t live up to what the law is the The law is that crimes, the fa rules a countr murdered by po them for it. If real law Verwo crime, for the David Pratt sh world knew an to discover wha to Pratt. It w what happened tries to kill Dr. demonstrated t that followed justice?

Something te

ing Mount Kenya" as abandoned his pre-socialist views for a nationalist tribalism that and frequently sadistic over those he advocated what Mau Mau practices in effect a religious-of the worst kind.

attack me for justifying n, let me here mention myself shot for object-atrocity that went on (Since I was not then I not use non-violent might have saved some would have cost mine; t does not alter the fact limit of my then ability imperialism).
turs fraternally,
25. LAURENS OTTER.

B.B.C. AND KAVANAGH

any of FREEDOM's read-East of England shared hearing the B.B.C. give on on Thursday evening Matt Kavanagh?

paragraph:
shortcomings and abuses administration, it is in-ideal expressed at all unself-conscious friend-black and white. Given could fulfil itself. Given external influence, Portu-rapidly forward with her purpose. Given time, the world that she alone secret of living on in

this article which admits on blacks are still in a e and that only some g half-castes, rank as full e special correspondent rely, all-important fact, ese have been in Angola years! If after so many are still "in a state of does he mean when he gal going "steadily for- low, civilising purpose"?

SHEAF OF INTERESTING ent to us by a reader in e for the time-being two th, I think, from the ourne. The first reads: k from the harbour city ney fruit shops are fea-zen Californian oranges

Cheaper than the local a editorial comment on meaning good business farmers:

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LETTERS

Sub-consciously absorbing a back-ground noise of "local" feature items in the programme! *In the South East* one ear was drawn into range on the announcement that we were about to hear the reminiscences of Mr. Raphael who had been an open-air orator thirty years ago in Southend, which struck me as an unlikely enough place. He had been inducted into public speaking, he said—and the fork stopped half-way to my mouth—by a fiery little Irishman called Matt Kavanagh.

Without mentioning the word anarchism, the speaker, who was a boy of sixteen had opened Matt's meetings, conveyed Matt's unambiguous attitude to government and all governments, and he gave a hint of the skill displayed in getting week after week an attentive audience to listen to what he called Matt's "one set piece".

"Find a friendly face in the crowd

and talk to it," Matt had instructed him, and "Use the opposition to get a crowd—even the other fellow's—but never let your own meeting get out of hand. But, if things go wrong, remember that the force of argument will always overcome the argument of force."

This recipe, which never failed under Matt's expert hand, was not foolproof with a new cook. On a Sunday morning when the effects of the beer had overcome the urgency of the proclamation of the free society, Mr. Raphael found himself alone with the crowd he had collected, selected his friendly face, talked to it in what he evidently believed were Matt's words, watched the benignity evaporate under the force of his argument, and his career as an open-air speaker ended in what as a loyal South-ender he referred to as the sea.

One is tempted to think that the reason why the same crowd listened with sympathy to this message from Matt and reacted violently to it coming from the lips of a sixteen-year-old boy, might not have been entirely due to the difference in the ages of the two, as was suggested. The depth of Matt's conviction no doubt played its part as well as his oratory.

But it was good to be reminded of Matt Kavanagh.

Yours sincerely,
London, S.W.6. M.C.

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ALDERMASTON - WETHERSFIELD EASTER 1961

The London Anarchist Group would like anyone going on either of the marches to get into touch with them (at 17a Maxwell Road, S.W.6) so that selling FREEDOM, ANARCHY and a special LAG publication may be arranged. Also any non-marchers who could sell in the Square, etc., on Easter Monday would be welcome.

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ing, that if South Africa is shown the
door of the Commonwealth club, that it
will affect the policy of that country.
But, apart from economic effects, this
would hardly affect South Africa at all.
True the loss of economic Common-
wealth preferences will be mildly annoy-
ing to the South Africans and the snub
will make them angry, but the Common-
wealth is a myth, a figment of the im-
agination that is kept installed by Royal
pronouncements and political lies. In
essence it does not matter whether South
Africa is expelled from the Common-
wealth or not, conceivably it would give
heart to those who are fighting *apartheid*
in South Africa but those who have their
eyes open do not need such boosts as this
from abroad. The die is cast, white
supremacy is ending and no speech, no
amount of clap trap at the top will
change that.

No, to bring reality to the situation in
South Africa, to show how unjust a
world we live in someone needs to take
a shot at Dr. Verwoerd, then we will see
what happens to a man who attempts to
live up to what he is told is right. That
the law is the embodiment of justice.
The law is that a man should pay for his
crimes, the fact is that Dr. Verwoerd
rules a country where 72 people were
murdered by police and he then praised
them for it. If there was any justice and
real law Verwoerd would suffer for his
crime, for the moment when he fell as
David Pratt shot his bullet home, the
world knew an act of justice—we were
to discover what a world of injustice did
to Pratt. It would be interesting to see
what happened in this country if anyone
tries to kill Dr. Verwoerd; would we see
demonstrated the same act of injustice
that followed David Pratt's attempt at
justice?

Something tells me that we would.
R.J.W.

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